

## Strawberry Milkshakes and Curly Fries by Emo\_Trash

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Reincarnation, But it's gonna be sad af, Dorks in Love, Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Eddie is a little nerd, Ends in Modern Day, F/M, I say minor because they come back, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Minor Character Death, Mutual Pining, Richie is really good with cars, Slow Burn, Starts in the 50s, Who doesn't love Grease, Y'all seen Grease? It's like Grease, greaser!richie, kind of, preppy!eddie

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Mentions of Mike, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Reddie - Relationship, Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris

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**Summary:**

What happens when your soulmate dies much too soon? What happens if you go through your entire life without ever really getting that one chance with your soulmate? Richie and Eddie get their first shot in 1959 only to have it torn away when Eddie's mother uproots them to New York. They always swore they would see one another again. That promise would never be broken but took an unexpected turn. They say there is someone out there for everyone, no one is ever truly meant to be alone.

For Richie and Eddie? It takes three unfortunate events and almost 60 years before they fall into one another's lives again. But the thing is, will they remember?



## 1. No Good in Goodbye

Late August of 1959, Hawkins Indiana

The summer was drawing to a close. The sun began falling much sooner than it had just two months prior. The air started getting that bitter twinge of a chill, one that was noticed by everyone but mutually ignored. If summer could last forever Richie Tozier would be beyond ecstatic. Because a never ending summer meant an eternity of warm weather and quarry swims, but most importantly? It would mean Eddie wouldn't be leaving in a mere week. The information had been known by all of Eddie's close friends since the end of that spring, but no one really paid too much attention to it. Except for Richie. Who had been counting down the days since Eddie sat down with him, and just him, at their usual booth back in the corner of Dotties Diner. There over the shared strawberry milkshake, which had two straws of course, and basket of curly fries Eddie broke the news to him. That fateful day in May. May 20th to be exact. It had been a rainy and humid one. Richie remembered because it was humid enough to melt the milkshake even faster than normal and the weather had been bad enough to knock the power out of Dotties. Only, Richie acutely remembers all of this just because it was also the day he felt his first real heartbreak. The reality of Eddie leaving. The smaller of the two explained how his mother was uprooting them to the city. They had better doctors there she claimed, thought small town living would only lead to more trouble. Richie knew it was probably his fault. Had he distanced himself a little bit maybe Ms. Kaspbrak wouldn't be going to such extreme measures to tear Eddie away from them, from /him/. If only he had stopped sneaking through Eddie's window all those summer nights just to talk and sit out on the roof and look at the stars. If only Ms. Kaspbrak had not walked in on that one night-

Richie shook his head as he quickly moved faster down the sidewalk towards the diner. They hadn't spoken about that night since it happened in early June. Richie thinks perhaps Eddie had forgotten, a part of him hoped he did and yet his heart was begging and pleading for Eddie to remember. Eddie and Richie had always been the closest of all of their friends, they were practically inseparable since the day they first met when Richie stole Eddie's blue crayon and the younger boy cried and told the teacher. Richie spent the remainder day sitting

in the corner and hating the other boy until Eddie came walking up and sat down with him for the rest of the day, rambling about how Richie was mean but noticed the lacking blue crayon in Richie's crayon pack so volunteered his to be shared. The rest was history. If anyone needed to find either of them the first spot they would check was Dotties. Like clockwork the pair would be there everyday after school, even in the summer. 3:15pm on the dot they were in that booth back in the corner by the window with a shared strawberry milkshake and basket of curly fries. That day of August 21st was no exception, 3:15 exactly Richie was walking through the silver diner doors, passing by all of the teenagers that spent all their time there escaping the heat and dancing to the music that played throughout the small space. He strolled casually back to /their/ booth, adjusting his glasses as he slid into the booth with a small smirk as he looked at Eddie. "Beat me again, eh Eds? 'Spose that means I am paying huh? Good thing for you I just got paid." Richie joked softly as he reached for one of the fries in front of him, frowning a bit when he didn't receive some sarcastic comment in return from the sad looking teen across from him. He bit his lip before slowly reaching out to grab Eddie's hand from across the table, ignoring the way Eddie flinched at the first contact. "Eddie.. What's wrong?" It was a long, tense, few minutes when Eddie didn't respond to Richie. For a second Richie thought he had done something wrong, had he forgotten something? Richie was too lost in backtracking their past few days and conversations when Eddie finally spoke up. "Do you know what today is?" Eddie couldn't even look up at Richie when he finally spoke because he knew if he did he would breakdown right then and there, milkshake sitting untouched between them. It was now Richie's turn to sit in silence as he wracked his brain for the date, giving up as he looked to the calendar against the wall, heart shattering in his chest. The thing was deep down Richie /knew/ what today was, only his sick twisted mind tried to convince him it wasn't actually August 21st, that it wasn't the day before Eddie left town and would probably never see Richie again. The thought alone hurt more than it did when Richie broke his arm last summer. He sighed as he shut his eyes tightly, his turn to look away now as he felt the all too familiar burning sensation of tears forming behind his eyes. "Eds.." Richie didn't want to say goodbye, refused to. Richie shook his head as he straightened up a little, sniffing as he wiped at his eyes quickly. "We are not going to talk about it. We are only going to

act like we do every other day. Only I have so much planned for today. Edward Kaspbrak this is going to be the best damn day of your life.” Richie smiled at the grimace that quickly flashed over Eddie’s face. “Don’t call me by my full name.”

“Sure thing, Eddo Spagetto. But I am serious I don’t want..any of that crying bullshit. From either of us. Today is just another normal day for the two of us. We are going to joke, laugh, treat it like we always have. Because there is no goodbye you hear me?” Richie squeezed Eddie’s hand for emphasis. “You’re stuck with me your whole life. No distance is going to change that. Hell, I’ve always wanted to see the city. You’re just giving me an excuse now to see you.” Richie smiled before picking a fry up and tossing it at Eddie, heart melting at the soft squeal he had managed to get out of Eddie. “So, you start crying I am going to punch you. Because right now all I wanna do is drink this milkshake and go down to the quarry to swim. My folks are outta town this weekend. Maybe you and the rest of the losers can come over? I heard Bill even has a car now. How cool is that? No idea how he was able to afford it but he can pick everyone up and we can have a little..going away party or something. Whatcha say, Eds?” Richie watched as Eddie toyed with the fry in his sweater as he spoke, also noticing how Eddie still wouldn’t look at him. Richie didn’t say anything for a long moment, letting the silence weigh heavy on them before he slowly pulled off his class ring, looking at Eddie as he slid it across the table to him. “I want you to have this. I know..you know typically it’s..a..um you know..couple type of thing to do but you’re my best friend and I would feel a lot better knowing you have a piece of me when you move. So..dunno. When you get upset or scared you can look down at it and know I’m thinkin’ of ya.” Richie rambled quickly and almost too quietly, face burning red as he quickly looked away from Eddie. “S’tupid I know I mean you don’t have to.” He cut himself off when he felt Eddie pulling his hand away, about to apologize until he looked up and watched as Eddie ever so carefully slid on the ring, swallowing thickly when Eddie finally looked up for the first time since Richie had gotten there. “You are an idiot, Richie Tozier. You know that?” Richie smirked at Eddie’s comment before shrugging, leaning back in his seat. “What would I do without you constantly reminding me what an idiot I am?” He hummed before pushing the milkshake closer to Eddie. “You always have the first sip and I am dying for some of this milkshake because walking here in my leather jacket was dumb but gotta keep an image up ya know?”

Richie laughed, smiling as Eddie pulled the milkshake closer to him, watching fondly as the younger smiled the minute the sweet sugar hit his tongue. "I'm really going to miss moments like this." Richie admitted, not even realizing he had spoken out loud until he heard Eddie's response. "What happened to not getting sad and pretending like everything's normal?" The response lacked the venom Eddie had originally wished was there, but his smile crept too much into his response, loving to see the rare moments where Richie was at a loss for words. He toyed with the ring for a moment before pushing the milkshake back towards Richie. "I was thinking..a lot, actually. I was hoping that maybe tonight could just be us? I mean- I know we are all heading to the quarry later but tonight I want it to just be us. It'll be more special that way." Richie blinked a few times as Eddie spoke. They hadn't been alone since that night back in June. In private that is, anyway. Because they always had their usual diner date. The day after the incident, Richie was scared that Eddie might not show up. He had even gotten there almost an hour early just to make sure he wasn't late and have Eddie think he wasn't showing up. It wasn't until Richie saw Eddie's tell tale sign of panic building up did he realize he hadn't said anything. "I- course, Eds. You and me. Just the way I like it.." He smiled sheepishly and tried to ignore the way his heart broke just a little bit when Eddie suddenly stood up. "Great! Well hey listen I'm sorry to cut our last-" Eddie paused, "-to cut this time short but I need to run..told Ma I would be home to finish packing so I could hang out with you guys later. I'll see you at the quarry in an hour, okay Rich?" Richie just smiled and looked away, not daring to move until Eddie was long gone. "Well would you fellas look at this poor sight" Richie groaned softly when he heard the all too familiar voice, not even needing to look up to know damn well the person behind it was none other than Henry Bowers with his goons that followed him like damned puppy dogs. He sighed as he slowly turned in his seat to lean against the window, crossing his arms to glare at Henry. "Save it, Bowers. Really today is probably the last day you would want to fuck with me." Richie felt sick to his stomach when he heard Bowers and the rest of his goons join in on his laughter. "Aw you hear that boys? Richie here's gone all soft on us. Must be because of that fag he's had on his tail for the past few years." Henry grimaced as the words left his mouth, feeling sick to his stomach. "Why do you think we kicked you out in the first place? We simply couldn't be seen hanging around a fag like you. I mean,

hell, Rich. Edward Kaspbrak? Of all people? I was willing to overlook almost anyone, guy or not, but /him/?" Richie scoffed as he listened to Henry, shaking his head as he shoved his way past the small group. "Quit pretending like you ever gave a shit about me, Bowers. Minute I confided in you over-" He glanced around, adjusting his jacket before shaking his head. "I found a group of friends that actually give a shit about me. None of you did. All high school is to you is..picking on the little guy. Tearing them down until they cower beneath you. I can't believe I was ever a part of that. Can't believe you pulled me away from Eddie for almost a year.. Can't believe-" Richie looked away, knowing the scene they were making was starting to get noticed by everyone else, eyes all on them. Some of them were egging Bowers on, wanting them to see him lose his cool. But both Henry and Richie knew he wouldn't get to that point. If it had been anyone else maybe. But with Richie? Richie just smirked before plucking the cigarette from Henry's lips, taking a long drag from it before flicking it at him. "Come near me or any of my friends again I promise you I won't be as kind." Richie said calmly before turning on his heel, walking out of the diner. There was a lot he had to tell Eddie, so much he had to explain and he had no idea where to begin. Bowers and that history was only a small portion of it. Richie sighed as he fished his pack out from his pocket, lighting the much needed release with a shaky hand as he walked down the familiar path towards the quarry. Today was the day. Today was the day Richie was going to tell Eddie how he felt about him because it was now or never.

## 2. Hopelessly Devoted

### Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie recalls that night back in June.

### Notes for the Chapter:

So, this chapter was heavily based off of the song Hopelessly Devoted to You from Grease. I hurt my own heart writing this part honestly. It also is inspired by the song 'Eddie My Love' (which was the whole inspiration for this fic to begin with). So enjoy may your hearts be poked.

Note:

There are many different versions of Eddie My Love. The one I have always known and listen to is by the Teen Queens which is the one I took the lyrics from because some versions have slightly different lyrics.

It hasn't been too heavily proofread but the last 48 hours have been hell in my life so I just wrote and wanted to post what I had oop

Eddie was willing to do anything for Richie. Even during the two years where they didn't talk, where Richie tormented him almost relentlessly. Eddie knew that wasn't Richie. Wasn't truly /his/ Richie. Not the one he had grown up with and known for so many years prior to the slanders and cold shoulder. Not the one that used to defend him and assure him all of his ailments were nothing but anxiety instilled into him by his mother. What hurt the most about the entirety of that situation was the fact Richie only ever treated Eddie like that when Bowers and his gang were around. When it was just Eddie and Richie every Saturday night spent at the quarry, Richie was himself again. The 'bad boy' persona dropped almost as quickly as it had gone up the moment he sat on the edge of that cliff with Eddie. Staring up at the stars it was like old times again. Richie didn't have to pretend to be something he wasn't and Eddie could finally feel like he had his best friend back. Richie always left his car running on those nights. The windows down with the radio playing. Soft music filtered from the speakers and surrounded them in a



comforting embrace when neither of them had the energy to speak. Eddie was always thankful when words from those songs voiced how he felt towards the other lanky boy who lived in his leather jacket. Words he knew he could not ever voice himself. Eddie couldn't even come to terms with his feelings but at times felt that maybe Richie had the same thoughts going through his mind. Sitting in his room now, favorite Elvis record in hand, Eddie simply cried. He was lost and confused and knew how he felt toward Richie couldn't ever be reciprocated by the other boy. It would ruin his image too much. The reputation around the school Richie had built for the past four years. Even if he was publicly friends with Eddie again Eddie was still that..quiet nerd that sat in the back of the class. That..loser that would rather sit at home and listen to records than go out and drink behind the bleachers at the football field. Hell, Eddie had only ever really had a few beers once. He didn't drink because it ruins your liver. He didn't smoke because of his 'asthma'. He thought leather was uncomfortable and he voiced how beyond reckless it was to drive around the way Richie did. All negative brownie points in the eyes of Richie's 'friends'. And yet? Eddie still found himself crying almost every night over Richie. He knew it was stupid, knew it was foolish. But there was no way he would be able to get over the one lanky kid that made him smile endlessly but also made him cry in a fetal position. Eddie remembered what a fool he made out of himself that one night back in June. Richie still has yet to say anything about it, and Eddie is thankful. But in a way Eddie wishes he would say something, anything. Because ever since that night his mind has been stuck on the 'what if?'. Eddie laughed bitterly as he wiped at his eyes, slowly standing up as he set his record down, moving toward the window. He knew rationally he should let Richie go, shouldn't be so upset to lose him when he has caused him so much pain. And yet? Eddie found himself so hopelessly in love. Is this what love actually felt like? He knew what he felt towards his mom..what she felt towards him wasn't love. Eddie knew he loved Beverly, Stan, Mike, and Bill, but Richie? It was a different kind of love. A love he simply could not even begin to describe. But the feeling where..his heart would race every time he saw Richie. Eddie's hands would get clammy and he would stutter just as bad as Bill. Eddie shut his eyes as tears slowly began to fall as he sat himself in front of his window. He really was a fool. He was leaving tomorrow. There was no way he could ever tell Richie how he felt. Even if he did what would it

matter? This time tomorrow he would be in an unknown city and Richie would move onto the next girl willing to go out with him. Eddie was stupid enough to think that perhaps he had been different from all of those girls Richie took out. But he wasn't. Through it all Eddie simply could not push Richie away no matter how much pain he caused him. Especially that night in June.

*Eddie was first to the quarry, he always was. Richie was notorious for being late. Normally because he always somehow wound up in detention after school. The nerdier of the two tried to suppress the grin that sprung on his face when he heard the familiar sound of Richie's car pulling up toward their normal meeting point. Eddie took a few quick puffs from his inhaler before slowly shutting his book, setting it down next to him, leaning back as he Richie sat down next to him. "About time." He commented with a small hum, glancing over to Richie, smile slowly falling from his face when he saw the state Richie was in. "Christ..Rich..who did this?" Eddie whispered as he gently cupped Richie's cheek, looking at the bruise forming around Richie's eye. "Quit it. Don't touch me." Eddie yelped softly when Richie slapped at his hand, heart breaking as he settled his hands back in his lap and moved away just a little bit from Richie.*

No matter how many times Richie made it blatantly obvious on a certain level he resented Eddie, and for reasons he didn't even know why, Eddie still refused to push him away. He believed in true love and deep down believed that Richie was his one and only. Maybe not now. Maybe not ever. But Eddie /knew/ he and Richie were simply meant to be. And even if it never came to pass, Eddie would for the rest of his life was willing to sit on the sideline if he had to. If it meant there was even a small chance he and Richie might be able to...be together once and for all. Eddie leaned his head against the cool window, watching as the rain finally began to fall. The dark sky matched how he felt on the inside. Eddie slowly wrapped his arms around himself and let out a soft cry, deep down hoping that maybe perhaps no one else would show up today at the quarry. That it would just be him and Richie. Just like it was back in June. Back when Eddie last felt *alive*. Eddie knew he couldn't leave without bringing that night up. He wanted.. *needed* to know if Richie remembered. If he had any regrets about that night. And even if

Richie did the beauty of finding out today, good or bad outcome, was the fact that Eddie was leaving. If Richie reacted badly Eddie would simply just pack his bags and forget. But what would he do if Richie didn't react badly? What if Richie kissed him again? He wouldn't. No. Richie was drunk. Eddie tried to convince himself that Richie was simply just drunk that night and needed to be grounded that's all that night was. But what about their dance? How close they were? The way Richie vowed to Eddie he would give him the world and every happy memory in it? Eddie remembered that night crystal clear, like it was yesterday.

*It had been silent since Richie slapped Eddie's hand away. Neither of them knew how to react. Richie had never lashed out like that and Eddie had never seen Richie react to his touch so badly before. After almost ten minutes of nothing but the soft sound of the radio Eddie suddenly felt Richie's hand on top of his. Eddie didn't move, didn't say anything. Wanted to see how it played out. "Eds?" Eddie hated that nickname. Always did. And yet he constantly found himself responding to it, humming as he looked over to Richie, empty beer bottles between them. "Yeah, Rich?" Eddie expected Richie to continue, heart racing in his chest when Richie simply moved closer, staring him in the eyes. "I wanna-wanna...ask you something." Eddie's heart was pounding so hard against his ribcage he swore it was about to pop right out of his chest. Suddenly tongue tied all Eddie could do was nod, watching carefully as Richie stood up, staring with a confused expression at Richie's extended hand. "Would you...would you have this dance with me?" Richie managed to get out as the song changed to a slower one. Eddie swallowed thickly but grabbed Richie's hand, using his strength to pull himself up just as the lyrics began to flow from the speakers.*

*'Eddie my love, I love you so. How I wanted for you, you'll never know.*

*Please Eddie, don't make me wait too long.*

*Eddie please write me one line, tell me your love is still only mine.*

*Please, Eddie, don't make me wait too long.*

*You left me last September. To return to me before long.*

*But all I do is cry myself to sleep.*

*Eddie. Since you've been gone.*

*Eddie my love. I'm sinking fast. The very next day might be my last.*

*Please Eddie. Don't make me wait too long.'*

Eddie can still feel Richie's arms wrapped around him, the soft swaying rhythm they found themselves falling into. The words and notes wrapping around them, forcing them closer together. Eddie can still hear the beat of Richie's heart from where his head was laid against his chest. Still feel the way Richie slowly pushed Eddie back just enough to close the distance again only in a much different way. Eddie remembered the soft press of Richie's lips to his, the way the world stopped spinning and the last puzzle piece finally connected for just a moment. For one split second, for one moment, Eddie felt whole. He let out a shaky breath as he brought his fingertips up to his lips, shaking his head. He was being ridiculous. Eddie glanced over to the clock hanging on his wall and cursed, scrambling towards his practically empty closet to grab his jacket. It was then Eddie hesitated. He still had time, an hour to be exact. An idea suddenly came to life in Eddie's mind, only he needed help. Eddie quickly pulled on his jacket before practically sprinting out of his room and bounding down the stairs. He grabbed his bag and yelled a quick goodbye to his mom before hopping onto his bike. Eddie biked as quickly as his small legs would allow him to down the street and around the corner to Beverly's house, out of breath by the time he reached her front porch, pounding on the door. "I need your help." Eddie managed to get out after a few puffs from his inhaler, not waiting for Beverly to respond before he was walking past her and down the hall towards her basement.

Beverly was the only one of their friend group that knew how Eddie felt towards Richie, had always offered to be the wingman but anytime she would bring it up Eddie would get flustered and shut down. He was already pacing around Bev's basement by the time she

got down the stairs, chewing on his lower lip as he stopped to look at her. "You're cool. Like..I mean cooler than me you...smoke and dress better than me.." He began slowly before plopping himself down on his usual spot on the worn out couch against the wall. "I'm..I'm not what Richie wants. I think sometimes he may just pity me and he tries to be...he tries so hard sometimes to be what he thinks /I/ want him to be. What he thinks I want but the thing is..shit, Bev. I love his little..look. How he acts, while dumb at times, makes me smile and makes my heart and stomach do this weird swoopy thing. I love everything about Richie." He huffed a small laugh before looking at Beverly, nodding firmly. "I want you to give me a makeover."

### **Author's Note:**

Welp here I am I suppose. This is actually my first time posting to this site. I have works on many other platforms however I figured it's time I get onboard on this site! So here we go with my latest little story. Feel free to leave comments or don't just hope someone enjoys reading it! It's short but I just wanted to get the small portion of what I have so far posted, see if anyone is interested in reading more.

Also

Yes I made the first part in Hawkins FIGHT ME